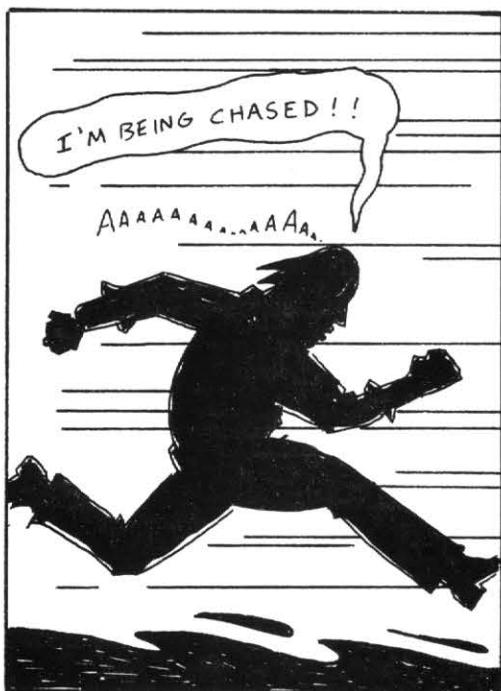




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OUR STORY BEGINS IN AN EXTRAORDINARILY DENSE
RAIN FOREST IN DEEPEST AFRICA WHERE WE
FIND A BRILLIANT ARCHAEOLOGIST WHO'S MENTAL
CAPACITY KNOWS NO BOUNDS. HE IS LOST!





WAIT! THIS MUST BE TRH! THE IDOL THAT
TURNS INTO A CREATURE AND CHASES PEOPLE!
IT SEEMS THE LOCALS WOULD ALL RUN IN
CIRCLES AND CONFUSE TRH!
IF I COULD FIND THE VILLAGE...

IT JUST MIGHT WORK!

TRH! IS
CHASING
ME !!

THIS LOOKS LIKE A
CLEARING! THE VILLAGE
COULD BE NEARBY!

IF I CAN ONLY REACH IT!

WHAANG!

WHAT THE...

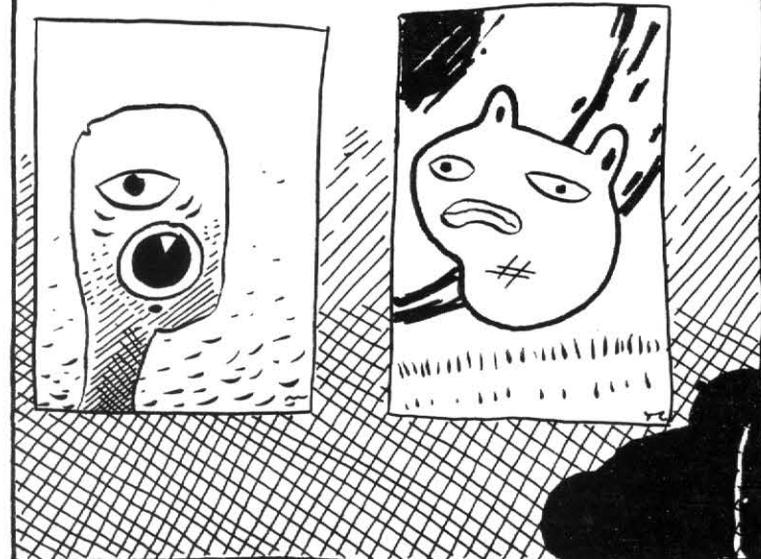




+ to be continued...



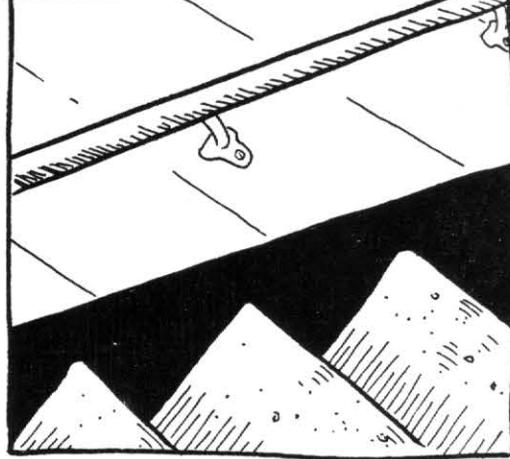
THE PICTURES TO MY RIGHT WERE OBTAINED AT THE DESCENT GALLERY. ITS OWNER, BOB, IS ALSO THE ARTIST. A SOLITARY SORT WHEN IT COMES TO HIS ART, HE FREQUENTLY HOLDS ONE-MAN SHOWS. HE'S GARNERED QUITE A FOLLOWING. ALWAYS A NEW EVENT, A NEW THEME... HIS DISPLAY ROTATING LIKE A PIG ON A SPIT. SPIT, ACTUALLY WILL BE INCORPORATED IN HIS NEXT SHOW. BUT I DIGRESS...

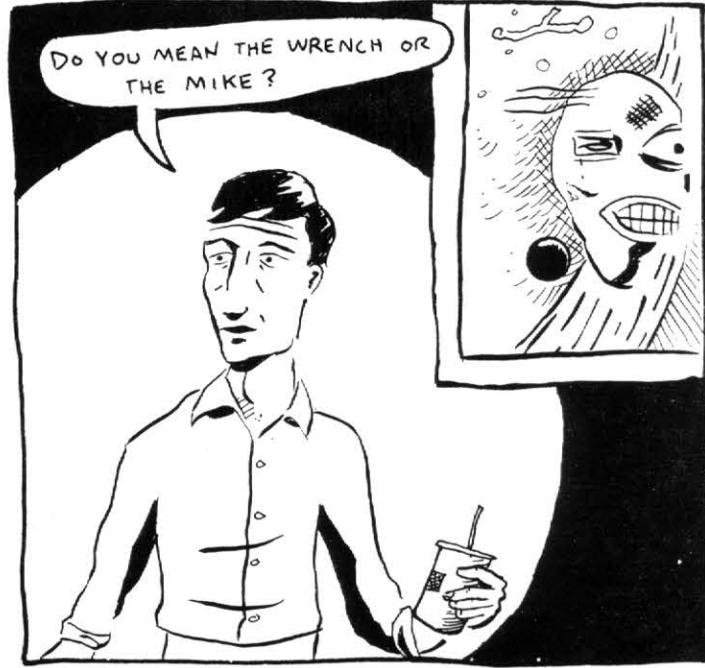


YOU COULD ARGUE THAT HIS WORK ISN'T ART AT ALL, JUST TRENDY CROWD-PLEASERS. YOU COULD... UH... WELL, ANYWAY RIGHT NOW BOB HAS OPENED THE FRONT DOOR AND MAKES HIS WAY UP THE STEPS.

THE FAMILIAR DAMP ODOR OF HIS STAIRWELL REACHES HIS NOSE ALONG WITH THE SMELL OF BURNING MOTOR OIL. BOB FEELS A RUSH OF APPREHENSION AND REALIZES HIS MOUTH IS DRY. THERE'S NO APPARENT REASON FOR THIS HE THINKS.

HE'S HOLDING AN OPENING, BUT THAT'S NOTHING NEW. PERHAPS IT'S THE WEATHER. AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS HE DROPS OFF HIS TOOL CHEST AND TROTS BACK DOWN TO THE STREET TO GET A DRINK.







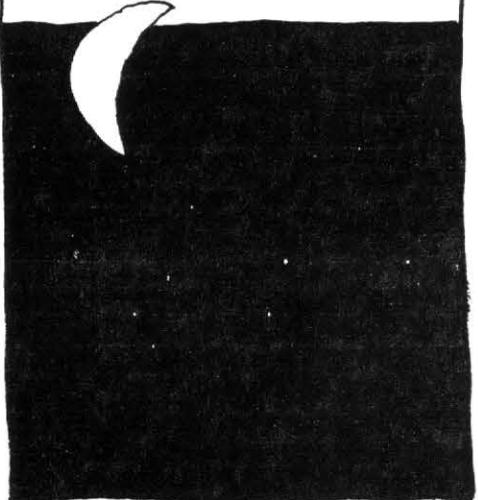
AND WITH EACH STEP, BOB FEELS A SICKNESS
ECLIPSING HIS PERCEPTION LIKE A
MAJESTIC WHEEL...



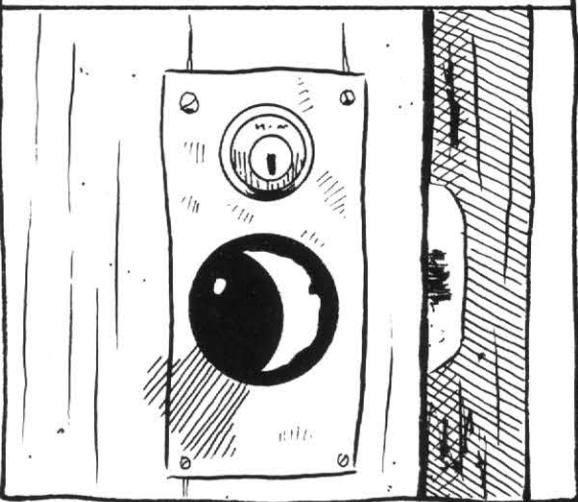
NO, HE THINKS... MORE LIKE A MANHOLE
COVER SLOWLY SLIDING OVER HIS LAST GRASP
ON SANITY...



BETTER STILL... IT'S AS THOUGH THE
MOON WERE PLAYING TRICKS ON HIM.



HE REACHES THE GALLERY'S MOONLIT ENTRANCE
AND THINKS OF THE WRENCH.



HE AGAIN ASCENDS THE
STAIR TO THE GALLERY







NOW-ALL-CARTOONISTS!

Attention Art Students!

Who do you think you're fooling? Forget fine art and dedicate your life to comix! Attract members of the opposite sex!



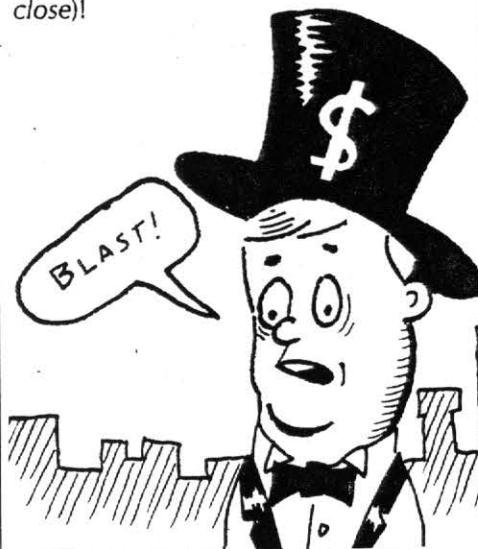
Attention Poets & Writers!

Consider the benefits of publishing your work alongside genuine comics!



Attention Capitalists!

There is no money in this...yet. If this statement bothers you, you're practising the wrong medium (and you're too close)!



Attention High Brows!



WE'RE ATTEMPTING TO START A NEW ZINE IN ST. LOUIS DEDICATED TO PRINTING QUALITY ALTERNATIVE COMICS. THE PSYCHOLOGY BEHIND THIS IS THAT COMICS ARE TRES HIP, BUT NOT READILY AVAILABLE TO THE READING PUBLIC AND/OR ARE TOO EXPENSIVE. THINK OF IT AS A ST. LOUIS VERSION OF RAW OR SNAKE EYES. PROVIDING THERE'S ENOUGH TALENT AROUND HERE THAT IS...

PLEASE NOTE: WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN MAINSTREAM SUPER-HERO/FANTASY STUFF. NO MUTANTS, NO D&D, NO VIGILANTES, NO BARBARIANS. IF YOU'RE INTO MARK TRAIL THOUGH, WE CAN TALK.

IF YOU CAN FREAK THE INK, WRITE TO THE ADDRESS BELOW NOW. PLEASE SEND NON-RETURN SAMPLES TO THE BELOW ADDRESS. AND IF YOU SIMPLY CAN'T DRAW, WE WILL ALSO BE PUBLISHING POETRY AND FICTION TO SWEETEN THE POT. MAKE OF THAT WHAT YOU WILL.

IT LIVES INK.
P.O. BOX 410581
CREVE COEUR, MO 63141

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WE WILL RESPOND IMMEDIATELY AND HOPEFULLY BE ROLLING IN A COUPLE MONTHS

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